

The Virginia Legislature.—Speech of
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Mr. Hildreth, formerly of the Boston Atlas, a lawyer of eminence in Boston, and who has already appeared before the public as an author, has made arrangements with Messrs. Harper, of this city, for the publication of his History of the United States upon which he has been several years engaged. It will be in three volumes, and bring the history down to the formation of the Constitution.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

which 52 died, and 50 were discharged. Of these, 59 cases occurred among the passengers of the New York, and 29 of that number died. Of the old inmates of the Hospital, 43 were taken sick and 22 died.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

M. Guizot has written in London a work entitled "De la Democratie en France," to be published in Paris in January.

I cannot think Nature so spent and decayed as to bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, and like herself, and when she collects her strength, is able still. Men and studies decay; she is not.—*Ben Jonson.*

FAST IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed April 5th to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer in that State.

VEGETATION THE SOURCE OF REPRODUCTION.—No plants, no animals—no animals, no manure—no manure, no cultivation.

KEEP BEES.—Bees cost nothing for their food, neither for their pasturage in summer, nor for their provisions in winter.

PRODUCTIVE FARMING.—Mr. James C. Goring, of Newtown, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, is favored as with the following amount of products, as sold from his farm of 125 acres, in the year 1848:	
Wheat, 516 bushels,	\$620.00
Rye, 30 bushels,	40.00
Oats, 1,000 bushels,	375.00
Indian corn, 17 tons, or 1,037 bush.	680.00
Potatoes, 4 bushels,	16.00
Cornmeal, 100 bushels,	69.00
Apples, 500 bushels,	135.00
Hay, 70 tons,	840.00
Sheep and lambs,	23.00
Calves, 14 in number,	98.50
Pigs, 30 in number,	240.00
Poultry and eggs,	125.00
Butter, from Feb. to Oct. 3,708 lbs.	97.85
Total.	\$4,156.35

THE EXAMINER

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

LOUISVILLE, KY.: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1849.

WHOLE NUMBER 87.

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;

Published weekly on Jefferson St., next door to the Post Office.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

PAUL SEYMOUR,

EDITOR.

The Virginia Legislature.—Speech of Mr. Scott.

The Virginia Legislature finds it hard work to agree upon resolutions concerning the Wilmut Petition. The great point is, to treat the bill of Nollification without tumbling in—to make their resolutions as solemn and positive as possible, without unqualifiedly committing them to the last resort, should the measure they denounce be adopted. So, at least, we read the movement.

The resolutions reported from the Joint Committee of Conference, have given rise to an exciting debate.

Mr. Scott, of Fauquier, has distinguished himself by his bold opposition to them. We copy a brief report of his speech, made in the House of Delegates on Friday, the 12th ult. It will be read with lively interest. The utterance of such sentiments in a Virginia Legislature should shame many Northern men.—National Era.

South Carolina did what you propose to do. Upon a controverted question of constitutional law, she raised the standard of rebellion. The question now before us is not rebellion. The question now before us is not rebellion. The question now before us is not rebellion.

There is another point from which I would view the question. I know how party feelings inflame the heart; but I yet hope that the motives to which I would appeal have yet their force. What is it that we wish to accomplish? Is it to force the institution of slavery upon California and New Mexico? Has this proud Commonwealth, at this day, stepped forth to force upon a conquered people that thing? Then we have forgotten the day when Virginia stood up to oppose an oppressor for creating that institution against her will, within her borders. We forget the patriot who stood up in the Parliament of Britain, and said that he rejected to know that three millions of freemen would neither be made slaves themselves, nor the instruments to make slaves of others. Those words were once engraved in letters of gold upon the walls of the Capitol; but in its halls, the representatives of Virginia are now called upon to take the initiative step to overthrow this principle. We have conquered this people by our arms. But the principle which lies at the foundation of our Constitution is, that each people have a right to their own forms of government.—There is no outrage in the wide world greater than this we propose to do. As a colony, we legislated to prohibit the introduction of slaves into our territories. This legislation was killed by the negative of the Crown. But the preamble of the law was preserved—it is prefixed to our present Constitution. And in the enumeration of the causes by which Virginia looked for her justification before the world, stands the act of Prince in perpetuating this inhuman traffic. And in the early Congress, in Virginia, voted to declare that traffic piracy. I recur to these facts to show what Virginia once thought of measures like these—to show that she thought them acts of wrong, of oppression, of tyranny.

If I stand alone in this Hall, in this Commonwealth, and in this country, I will raise my voice in protestation against this measure. For I regard it as an outrage against every principle of civil and religious liberty, and an outrage upon humanity. If there is one man on this floor who is willing to lend his hand to aid practically in it, I should like to see his face. There is not one but would feel it an imputation upon his honor to say that he would inflict slavery upon these territories. Then why quarrel with Congress for proposing to prevent what none would do?

I wish to say a few words upon the proposed measure of abolition of slavery in the District. I look upon that in a very different light from the light in which I view the Provision. I stand on the same principle in both cases. I say that all legislative power is a trust. It should be exercised for the benefit of the governed. When it ceases to be this exercised, it is a tyranny. The infliction of slavery on the territory would be such; the abolition of slavery in the District would be the same. We see the last more clearly than the first, because it is near to us. But let us not be less lynx-eyed with regard to our more remote brethren. The abolition of slavery in the District I would resist to the last extremity, and by every means which lies within the reach of man.

Why pass these resolutions? You re-affirm. Then you once affirmed. And, as a matter of consistency, you must stand by your old resolutions, and carry out now what you proposed to do then. But your consistency is already gone. Why did not the sword flash from its scabbard when the Oregon Bill was passed?

The papers have published that I was a member of the House which passed those resolutions. But that is a great mistake. My mind must have been in a singular state when I voted that the slaveholder had a natural and indefeasible right to carry his slaves into the territories. [Voice. "That's not in the resolutions."] (Scott read the passage.)

Mr. Conway said that, as they were recorded in the statute book, that passage did not occur.

Mr. Scott said, if Mr. Conway had attended to what he had said, he would have saved his pains. That passage did not occur in the resolutions as they passed this House. And to vote it, I must have forgotten that all men came into the world free and equal. I must have forgotten that slavery is an unnatural state. I must have

forgotten that it was the creature of coercion and of law.

Necessity has forced upon me the course I have pursued. I see in this measure no one good. It is fraught with woes unnumbered. I beseech you, by all that we love and all that we revere, to pause before you plunge this Commonwealth into the ocean of blood. I beg you to take warning by the fate of Carolina. Call not the architect of her ruin to be the soul of your councils. On these resolutions, united we cannot be. Divided and distracted we must be. And, should the passions they promise to rouse be kindled, we, too, to this land. Save yourselves from the horrors of civil strife. You say you want union. You say you want strength. Give me better proofs than professions, and you shall have that union and that strength.

I am willing to go before the public and be judged. I care not for the vile motives imputed to me by partisan presses. It is no work of love for me to separate from so many of my old fellow-laborers. It is a pain to incur the displeasure of so many of my fellow-citizens. But the deeper pain is to stand here, feeling that a cloud of countless evils are impending over this Commonwealth, and I have no hand with which to shield her.

Free Soil Sentiments in Virginia.

The Fellowsville (Va.) Democrat, a Whig paper, publishes the following:

THE SLAVERY HUMBLED.—To be sure my dog Slavery is a curse to anybody, but then my Northern neighbors shall not persuade me to part with him. The Winchester Republican, an industriously edited and in many respects readable journal, has a curious article on "Slavery Agitation," in which its editor blows hot and cold with the same breath. He deprecates the endeavors of the North, and although he admits slavery to be an "evil," yet he insists that its agitation "must be left solely with the States suffering—which signifies solely: Slavery is an evil which should be remedied, yet outsiders have no right to discourse upon it, and if insiders express abolition sentiments they shall be hunted down, lynched, or summarily punished according to act of Assembly." We quote a paragraph from the article in question:

"We are not the friends of slavery; we have never had any agency in maintaining the system; and we should rejoice heartily if there was not a slave within the borders of the State; but we have no hesitation in declaring the Northern agitators to be not only the worst enemies of the black race, but we think they are justly liable to the charge of being traitors to the Union, and enemies of the public peace and safety. Their mad career must be checked. The existence of the Southern States depends upon their promptitude in repelling all aggression, and upon this subject there should be no division of sentiment."

Now it happens that ninety-nine in every hundred "Slavery Agitators" in the North are just as opposed to LEGISLATING against slavery as it exists in the States as our contemporary is. Then why charge them with being "traitors to the Union, and enemies of the public peace and safety?" They merely insist that slavery should not be carried into free territory, and against the consent of the citizens of said territory. "Their mad career" is all moonshine! They neither endanger the "existence of the Southern States" nor aggrandise the South by repel. There is a course backed by honesty of purpose. The South sees it, so but tries to shut her eyes upon the light. Whatever she may pretend, she does not discover in the North a disposition to interfere with slavery where it exists—although, like our contemporary, her people would rejoice heartily if there was not a slave within the borders of her Union.—And is the right not guaranteed them to discuss the claims of slavery—to argue upon its righteousness, its profit, its convenience? May not citizens in the North "agitate" slavery, as well as "citizens of the States suffering?" And will any ill occur thereby? And this is all they ask in regard to slavery in the South; they would rejoice to see us better our condition, although they are perfectly willing we should work out our own salvation, as we ask to do. They insist, however, that on no account should slavery be transplanted into our new territories. If slavery is an "evil" in Virginia—which the Republican admits—it could be no less an evil in New Mexico and California; if it is to be deplored here, it would be deplored there. This is it—this is all; and whatever other shape the question may assume, or does assume, after leaving the distorting rack of our hot-headers, our selfish perverters and excusers of prejudice, it cannot be changed in its nature or robbed of its innocence.

Immigration.

The number of passengers arrived at the port of New York, during the year 1848, for whom commutation and hospital money was paid, was 189,176, of whom were—

Natives of Ireland, 95,061

Do of Germany, 51,978

Do of other countries, 39,143

189,176

Of those applying and relieved at the office of the Commissioners of Emigration being in all, 16,820—12,264 were Irish, 4,157 Germans, and 399 others.

The temporary relief granted to 6,640 persons, consisted of a supper and night's lodging.

The total number of persons, who for a longer or shorter period of the year have become chargeable to the Commissioners, is 27,301.

The Commissioners have reliable information that during the ensuing year the emigration from Germany will be greater than ever, while it is equally certain that it will show a further increase from Ireland and other parts of Europe.

Slaves Captured.

There have been captured by British cruisers nine vessels off Gallinas Sea Bar and Gallabah. The British frigate Amphitrite captured during her stay in the Bight of Benin, six slaves, three of which contained nine hundred and seventy-three slaves. The Dolphin brigantine, in a few months, captured five slaves—two of which had on board eight hundred and seventy-six slaves. And the British frigate Penelope captured a large Brazilian steamer, on the South Coast, fully equipped for the slave trade.

Beautiful Extract.

We take the following extract from an address delivered by Dr. Otis, before the students of the University at Middletown. The address is said by those who have read it to be a most admirable production. The extract below is peculiarly appropriate to the times.

Always be ready to avow your principles of action. Scorn concealment. Put out your true colors to the gaze of men and angels. There is a false prudence, a mock modesty, which inculcates the opposite method. It discourages confession, as saving of ostentation, and would have us leave the world to infer the existence of virtuous principle from our conduct. In most instances this is but a poisoner's expedient to avoid responsibility and save a convenient position for treachery or evasion. It is well and safe to stand committed to the right, that the world may know, in advance, where you will be found in any day of trial; and it is a reflection upon a good man's intelligence or integrity, to have his opinions and principles forever unsettled, or in doubt. Society has a right to know what it may expect from him; and justly suspects him of interested and dishonest aims, when he chooses to remain undecided and uncommitted till suffrage has announced the safe way. Educated men are the natural sources and guides of popular opinion; and they are bound to stand forth boldly, to battle with prejudice, and breast the inundation of passion, though at some risk of being swept away by its fury. The principles of the educated, active, influential men, of every community, generally become its public sentiment. This living embodiment and oppression of reason, truth and righteousness, acts upon the multitude with vastly more directness and efficiency than books of morals and religions; and as it constitutes the most effectual method for the formation and vigorous maintenance of a sound public sentiment, so it is chiefly relied upon for that function. On this account it was that the laws of Athens held that citizen an enemy to the State, who remained a neutral in any important crisis or question of general interest. The Redeemer of the world has given to this equitable principle the sanction of religion, and it is only they who confess him before men, whom he will confess before the angels in heaven.

Let every one who would not become a mere puppet and time-server, beware of feeling more solicitude for promotion than he does for his principles. If they are to be put down, it is a misfortune and a snare to rise; and he should blush, and suspect himself a knave, who is conscious of grudging the sacrifice which it may cost him to be an honest man. No valuable ends, besides those of selfish or profligate ambition, can ever be secured by such dishonest successes; and any but a weak or unscrupulous man will prefer to bide his time, and wait for more auspicious days, when God, whose attributes ever side with the right, will pluck its drowned honors from the deep, and make the conscientious and the brave sharers in its triumphs. Whoever covets promotion while his principles are under the ban, must fall back upon the expedients and resources of party, which is always framed and held together by compromises in which principle is sacrificed to policy. Into this turbid maelstrom, from which virtue and conscience never came forth without a stain, good, but ambitious men, of facile morality and feeble purposes, are ever ready to plunge.

The Dablis of Mexico and the Gold of Ophir.

The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer, indulges in some curious speculations in reference to the identity of Ophir, and the ancient Ophir, where the gold diggers of old obtained the immense quantities of gold, in the construction of the temple. The writer says:

The London Magazine of Science, of last month, says that in the Travels of Lord Lindsay, it is stated, that during his wanderings in Egypt, he discovered a mummy, which the hieroglyphics upon it proved to be more than two thousand years old. In one of its closed hands he found a bulbous root, which he carried home and deposited in a sunny soil. In a few weeks it sprouted, grew, and finally blossomed into a beautiful dahlia. As the dahlia has usually been considered native only in Mexico and South America, this solitary blossom from the hand of the Egyptian mummy, may perhaps be called up as a beautiful witness in corroboration of the idea that the inhabitants of the Old World (as it is called) once had communication with the western continent. And granting that question settled in the affirmative, another still lies behind it, more difficult perhaps of solution, viz. was the dahlia originally transferred from Mexico to Egypt, or from Egypt to Mexico? The presumption is, that as Mexico has been the accredited home of the dahlia in modern times, it was also its home in the earlier age of the world.

As a collateral item in reference to the idea of ancient communication between the old world and the new, an argument is raised to show that the gold of Ophir, of Scripture celebrity, came from California. Major Noah, in his last "Sunday Times," alludes to the argument to considerable extent, and infers, from the vast amount of the gold of Ophir used in the construction and ornaments of Solomon's temple, the length of the voyages of the ships which were sent for the gold, and various other considerations, that it was California gold that so wonderfully and magnificently enriched the famous temple of antiquity. The Major states the cost of the temple at upwards of four hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling—a sum hardly to be compared with any single financial account on record, except the national debt of Great Britain. The ships sent by Solomon and Hiram of Tyre, for the gold and treasures of Ophir, required three years to make the voyage, and as the length of the voyage would seem to correspond very well with the distance to California, Maj. Noah, therefore concludes that ancient Ophir and modern California are one and the same place.—The conclusion does not exactly amount to a geometrical demonstration, but it affords material for curious speculation worth placing by the side of Lord Lindsay's dahlia.

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Slavery in the District.

We copy the following brief history of the movements in Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, from a "Nota Bene" in the Concordia Intelligencer:

"What think you of the slavery agitation in Congress? Mr. Gott's proposition to abolish slavery in the ten miles square, seems to be viewed as something new and extra-awful. He is not the first man who has tampered with the matter. I have looked through a series of journals and registers, and will now glance at the history of this question, and you will see that it is not the fanatics of the North only who have to blame. In 1816 John Randolph, of Roanoke, brought forward a resolution for a committee 'to inquire into the traffic in slaves, in the District, and for legislative measures to put a stop to the same.' It was adopted without a division. On the 12th December, 1827, Mr. Barney, of Maryland, offered a memorial for the restriction of slavery in the District, which, on his motion, was ordered to be printed. Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, objected to the printing, but expressly admitted the right of Congress, 'to grant the people of the District any measures which they may deem necessary to free themselves from this deplorable evil.' On the 6th January, 1829, Mr. Minor, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the District to inquire into the expediency of abolishing slavery within the same. And the vote was, ayes 114, nays 66. Mr. Mark Alexander, of Virginia, reported, in substance, that slavery could not be abolished in the District without the consent of the people thereof. The same committee likewise reported a bill, declaring negroes brought into the District free, free! In 1825 a memorial, signed by 1200 of the citizens of the District, was presented, praying for the abolition of slavery there, and the project was decided by popular. On the 23rd January, 1836, Mr. John Tyler, then a Senator from Virginia, in one of a series of resolutions, conceded the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District, with the consent of the slave-owners therein.

The first approach I know of to the proper ground on this subject, was in 1831, when the committee on the District, (composed entirely of slaveholders) reported, that 'until the adjoining States act on the subject, it would be unwise and impolitic, if not unjust, for Congress to interfere, etc.' The Report was drawn by the late Mr. Phil. Doddridge, one of the subtlest and clearest heads that Virginia ever produced.

Admiral of Liberia.

In looking over the annual report of the American Colonization Society, submitted at the recent meeting in Washington City, the National Intelligencer notices the following facts in regard to the condition of affairs in the Republic of Liberia:

General peace and prosperity have prevailed throughout the past year, and the inhabitants are happy in the prosecution of their various vocations. Great attention has been paid to the cultivation of the soil, and this branch of business is daily becoming better appreciated than it has been heretofore. The banks of its principal rivers will soon present a beautiful prospect, adorned with rich fields of rice, sugar cane, and coffee; and the cultivation of ginger, pepper, and arrow-root is engaging general attention. Considerable quantities of these articles have been exported, but it is thought that coffee will be one of the most valuable productions of the Republic. It is easy of cultivation, yields a small crop in three and a large one in five years after being planted, and its quality has been pronounced by competent judges equal to any in the world. Much attention has been devoted to the cause of education, and the religious condition of the people is all that could be expected. From present prospects no limit can be fixed to the good influence which Liberia and her institutions can exert, not only upon the native tribes, but the entire temporal and spiritual regeneration of Africa.

Metamorphosis of a Fashionable Milliner.

As the model milliner rises in the world, a confusion of tongues, like the Tower of Babel, attends her growing eminence. Her knowledge of English becomes more French every day, until at last her dialect, like the British Cant, belongs to neither England nor France, but is continually running between the two. She talks like Madame Celeste, which makes it very difficult to understand her, unless you have had a course of six private boxes at the Adelphi. A similar metamorphosis takes place in her name and door-plate. Mrs. Todd is changed to Madame Toddee, and her shop is called a "Magazin de Fourneaux," or, at least, a "Depot," and circulars inform the curious, that Madame Toddee is de Paris (of course) and was the "premiere cleve" of last "Exposition d'Industrie" for her very superior "jupons hygieniques." As her fame increases so does her invisibility. Her "Magazin" is vacated for a handsome mansion, in some of the elegant aristocratic squares, where liveried footmen usher you up velvet-carpeted stairs into saloons and boudoirs with gold-leafed chairs and the rosiest ottomans. She only receives the elite. She gives consultations—is very difficult, however, to consult; and when visited in her incognito, sends down word that "Madame cannot be disturbed"—she is "composing."—Model Women.

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Verses 4 and 5 [of Proverbs] receive illustration from the following dialogue, said to have taken place between Lord Rochester and Bishop Barret:

L.—"My Lord Bishop, yours is my knees."

B.—"My Lord Rochester, yours to the ground."

L.—"And yours, again, my Lord Bishop, to the centre of the earth."

B.—"And yours, my Lord Rochester, to the antipodes."

L.—"And yours to the bottom of hell."

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"What think you of the slavery agitation in Congress? Mr. Gott's proposition to abolish slavery in the ten miles square, seems to be viewed as something new and extra-awful. He is not the first man who has tampered with the matter. I have looked through a series of journals and registers, and will now glance at the history of this question, and you will see that it is not the fanatics of the North only who have to blame. In 1816 John Randolph, of Roanoke, brought forward a resolution for a committee 'to inquire into the traffic in slaves, in the District, and for legislative measures to put a stop to the same.' It was adopted without a division. On the 12th December, 1827, Mr. Barney, of Maryland, offered a memorial for the restriction of slavery in the District, which, on his motion, was ordered to be printed. Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, objected to the printing, but expressly admitted the right of Congress, 'to grant the people of the District any measures which they may deem necessary to free themselves from this deplorable evil.' On the 6th January, 1829, Mr. Minor, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the District to inquire into the expediency of abolishing slavery within the same. And the vote was, ayes 114, nays 66. Mr. Mark Alexander, of Virginia, reported, in substance, that slavery could not be abolished in the District without the consent of the people thereof. The same committee likewise reported a bill, declaring negroes brought into the District free, free! In 1825 a memorial, signed by 1200 of the citizens of the District, was presented, praying for the abolition of slavery there, and the project was decided by popular. On the 23rd January, 1836, Mr. John Tyler, then a Senator from Virginia, in one of a series of resolutions, conceded the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District, with the consent of the slave-owners therein.

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The first approach I know of to the proper ground on this subject, was in 1831, when the committee on the District, (composed entirely of slaveholders) reported, that 'until the adjoining States act on the subject, it would be unwise and impolitic, if not unjust, for Congress to interfere, etc.' The Report was drawn by the late Mr. Phil. Doddridge, one of the subtlest and clearest heads that Virginia ever produced.

Admiral of Liberia.

In looking over the annual report of the American Colonization Society, submitted at the recent meeting in Washington City, the National Intelligencer notices the following facts in regard to the condition of affairs in the Republic of Liberia:

General peace and prosperity have prevailed throughout the past year, and the inhabitants are happy in the prosecution of their various vocations. Great attention has been paid to the cultivation of the soil, and this branch of business is daily becoming better appreciated than it has been heretofore. The banks of its principal rivers will soon present a beautiful prospect, adorned with rich fields of rice, sugar cane, and coffee; and the cultivation of ginger, pepper, and arrow-root is engaging general attention. Considerable quantities of these articles have been exported, but it is thought that coffee will be one of the most valuable productions of the Republic. It is easy of cultivation, yields a small crop in three and a large one in five years after being planted, and its quality has been pronounced by competent judges equal to any in the world. Much attention has been devoted to the cause of education, and the religious condition of the people is all that could be expected. From present prospects no limit can be fixed to the good influence which Liberia and her institutions can exert, not only upon the native tribes, but the entire temporal and spiritual regeneration of Africa.

Metamorphosis of a Fashionable Milliner.

As the model milliner rises in the world, a confusion of tongues, like the Tower of Babel, attends her growing eminence. Her knowledge of English becomes more French every day, until at last her dialect, like the British Cant, belongs to neither England nor France, but is continually running between the two. She talks like Madame Celeste, which makes it very difficult to understand her, unless you have had a course of six private boxes at the Adelphi. A similar metamorphosis takes place in her name and door-plate. Mrs. Todd is changed to Madame Toddee, and her shop is called a "Magazin de Fourneaux," or, at least, a "Depot," and circulars inform the curious, that Madame Toddee is de Paris (of course) and was the "premiere cleve" of last "Exposition d'Industrie" for her very superior "jupons hygieniques." As her fame increases so does her invisibility. Her "Magazin" is vacated for a handsome mansion, in some of the elegant aristocratic squares, where liveried footmen usher you up velvet-carpeted stairs into saloons and boudoirs with gold-leafed chairs and the rosiest ottomans. She only receives the elite. She gives consultations—is very difficult, however, to consult; and when visited in her incognito, sends down word that "Madame cannot be disturbed"—she is "composing."—Model Women.

A Fool Answered According to his Folly.

Verses 4 and 5 [of Proverbs] receive illustration from the following dialogue, said to have taken place between Lord Rochester and Bishop Barret:

L.—"My Lord Bishop, yours is my knees."

B.—"My Lord Rochester, yours to the ground."

L.—"And yours, again, my Lord Bishop, to the centre of the earth."

B.—"And yours, my Lord Rochester, to the antipodes."

L.—"And yours to the bottom of hell."

B.—"There, I leave you, my Lord."

[Dr. Chalmers.

A New History of the United States.

Mr. Hildreth, formerly of the Boston Atlas, a lawyer of eminence in Boston, and who has already appeared before the public as an author, has made arrangements with the Messrs. Harper, of this city, for the publication of his History of the United States, upon which he has been several years engaged. It will be in three volumes, and bring the history down to the formation of the Constitution.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

Slavery in the District.

We copy the following brief history of the movements in Congress for the

We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope that, by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

To Subscribers in Arrears.

We would earnestly ask that each subscriber who may be in arrears to us will transmit the amount due, at once, by mail. We have on our subscription book nearly four hundred distant subscribers, who owe for the EXAMINER from its first number, and to whom five or six bills have been sent. It is scarcely necessary to remind them that the surest way of breaking down a newspaper is to receive it and fail to forward the subscription money. There are, no doubt, many persons among this number who have, by accident, overlooked our claim, and it would be a matter of regret to us, after allowing a proper time to elapse for a response to this call, we are obliged to publish a delinquent list.

Hope On!

Our friends need not be discouraged by those who report that the spirit of liberty is dead—that there are scarcely any friends of Emancipation in the State. Politicians have made some cunning movements, it is true; but cunning often defeats itself. Members of Legislative bodies are fallible as well as other men. Men have been deceived by their own wishes before to-day. As history is philosophy teaching by example, we are fond of recurring to it. Archbishop Laud thought that he had put down dissent by the active measures he had taken. "On the very eve of his death," says Macaulay, "he was able to report to him that not a single dissent was to be found within his jurisdiction."

In a short time, the opinions of these men were somewhat changed.

Divine Authority.

One of the premonitory symptoms that announce the approaching death of an institution is seen in the extravagant claims set up in its favor. On the eve of a revolution or reformation, the defenders of that which is to be changed assume the most threatening attitudes. The members of a decaying noble family are usually more haughty than those who live in prosperity. The fashionable lady whose charms have begun to fade, decks herself more gaudily than ever. When the advocates of a human institution begin to claim divine authority in its favor, it may be taken for granted that they are hard pressed. When they can find no warrant on earth, they try to get one in heaven.

We were reminded of the positions of some of the defenders of slavery by reading Macaulay's account of the doctrines of that great stickler for the divine right of kings, James the First. A great change was taking place in the minds of the people, who were beginning to free themselves from the shackles of the dark ages. But James claimed more than had been claimed by those of his predecessors, who had the firmest hold of power. "It was gravely maintained that the Supreme Being regarded hereditary monarchy as opposed to other forms of government, with peculiar favor; that the rule of succession in the order of primogeniture was a divine institution, anterior to the Christian, and even to the Mosiac dispensation; that no human power, not even that of the whole Legislature—no length of adverse possession, though it extended to ten centuries, could deprive the legitimate prince of his rights; that his authority was necessarily always despotic; that the laws by which, in England and in other countries, the prerogative was limited, were to be regarded merely as concessions which the sovereign had freely made and might at his pleasure resume; and, that any treaty into which a king might enter with his people was merely a declaration of his present intentions, and not a contract of which the performance could be demanded."

These doctrines were advanced just before the people beheld a king for undertaking to carry them out.

Mr. Doherty's Resolution—The Pro-Slavery Vote in the Legislature—The Duty of Emancipationists.

Saturday last was a remarkable day at Frankfort—decidedly it ought to be marked with a "blue bead." The perpetrators of Kentucky who have no Sabbath calendar to whom they can look for favor, ought, by all means hereafter, to hold the third day of February in the most kindly remembrance. They ought to have a day. The English have Saint George's day, which they hold, or rather did hold in reverence in honor of the dragon slayer of Cappadocia—the Irish have Saint Patrick's day, in honor of that Saint who banished Paganism and frogs from the "emerald isle"—the Scotch, at home, have a day, and in this country they make it a matter of conscience to meet together on the twenty-fifth of January, not in honor of a Saint, it is true, but of a much better man than some saints that we have heard of—and even, according to a venerable sage, "every dog has his day." Well, then, since all sorts of men and dogs have their day, why should not the Kentucky perpetuists have their day, and why should not the third of February be that day?

Saturday last was a very remarkable day at Frankfort. It was dark and cloudy, but we suppose it was clear and sunny at the seat of government. The slaveholders' convention met there on that day, and we presume they resolved that emancipation is precisely what they do not wish to effect. Well, as nobody expected them to resolve otherwise, we fear that their labor of love was lost. But what were the doings of the slaveholders' Convention when compared with the remarkable extra performed by the "assembled wisdom of the State"? Did not Mr. Doherty, with a heart brimful of brilliant patriotism and philanthropy, rise in his place in the House of Representatives, and offer the most sublime resolution?

Resolved, That we, the Representatives of the people of Kentucky, are opposed to the abolition or emancipation of slavery in any form or shape whatever.

Well, we cannot too highly admire the com. prehensiveness of Mr. Doherty's resolution. It opposes both the abolition and the emancipation of slavery in any form or shape. We love to dwell on the elegance of Mr. Doherty's collection of words. He is opposed to the "emancipation of slavery in any form or shape whatever." Emancipation of slavery! We have heard a good deal said of late of the emancipation of slaves, but our friends have not got to that pitch of classic perfection which enables them to talk "trippingly on the tongue" of the emancipation of slavery. Moreover, Mr. Doherty's resolution wages a war of extermination against the "abolition or emancipation of slavery in any form or shape whatever." There are many kinds of slavery in Kentucky—there is African slavery, which we hope to live to see extinct within the fair borders of our dear old Commonwealth. Then, there is the slavery of vice and sin, the slavery of bad habits, the slavery of the poor and the dependent white men and women, and a variety of other "shapes and forms" of slavery, against each and all of which we mean to war as long as the breath of life animates our bodies. But Mr. Doherty's resolution, if we are to construe it literally, is in favor

of sustaining slavery in all the varied forms and shapes which it assumes among us.

And yet this resolution was voted for by the "Representatives of the people of Kentucky!" We see in this fact great need, by Mr. Breckinridge's enlightened efforts in behalf of education in this State should be crowned with success. When the representatives of the people vote for such a resolution, it is time the school-master should be abroad.

Mr. Doherty's resolution was opposed by Mr. Ewing, who very wisely thought the people had sent representatives to Frankfort for other purposes. He moved to lay it on the table, but the motion was lost by a vote of 14 to 79. Mr. Hughes fearing that the resolution was rather too unlimited, offered to amend it by adding to it these words: "except as now provided for by the Constitution and laws of the State." This amendment was adopted and the resolution was also adopted by the following vote—yeas 53, nays 0!

We presume, although we are not aware that such is the fact, that some German transcendentalist has commented on the significance of a cypher, and we might, if we saw fit, comment on the significance of this 0—what boys call a nine with the tail cut off. But we must duly no longer.

The "representatives of the people of Kentucky," as the members of the lower house of our Legislature boastfully call themselves, have unanimously resolved that they are "opposed to the abolition or emancipation of slavery in any form or shape whatever." Do these gentlemen represent the people of Kentucky? No! In this vote they have clearly misrepresented the people of the State. Were the people of Louisville represented in that vote? We are proud to say that an overwhelming majority of the people of this city are uncompromisingly in favor of the extinction of negro slavery and all other forms and shapes of slavery. And unless many of the most sagacious and intelligent men of the State are very much mistaken, there are a large number of counties in which public sentiment is decidedly in favor of emancipation. The resolution is, we have no doubt, a calumny on the common sense and philanthropy of Kentucky, and we call upon the people to come forth in their strength and repudiate it. We blush to add that we have been credibly informed that many of the members who voted for this disgraceful resolution have frequently announced themselves unreservedly in favor of emancipation in some "form or shape," and yet they faltered and voted in favor of a resolution that misrepresents their own opinions as well as the opinions of those who sent them there.

Friends of emancipation, the time for action has now come! It now devolves on you to wipe from the fame of our State the foul blot which the members of the House of Representatives have placed upon it. It is now your sacred duty to come forth and exhibit your strength. If the vote on Mr. Doherty's resolution represents the public sentiment of Kentucky, let it be known; but if it does not, then some steps are indispensable to disprove it. Delay no longer to act with vigor and directness. Follow the glorious example of Louisville. The opponents of slavery in this city have held one large meeting already, and on Monday night next, they will hold another meeting which will doubtless be one of the most imposing in numbers and respectability ever held in the State. They will then deny that the resolution adopted at Frankfort on Monday last represents them, in a tone and with an emphasis not likely to be misunderstood by those who, on this subject, misrepresent our city in the Legislature. Be active, be vigilant, friends of emancipation. Meet together in every county in the State and declare your will. Do not let the perpetrators impose fetters and chains on your hearts and tongues, but, in the true spirit of freedom, meet and express your views. This you owe to yourselves and to the great and good cause which has won your judgment and sympathy. You must act at once and with firmness. Do not fail to declare that the Legislature has misrepresented you, and let the world know that Kentucky is not the paradise of the advocates of slavery and slaves.

The pro-slavery men are growing bold throughout the State. We are glad to see them act. Something was needed to call out the friends of emancipation, and if the conduct of the pro-slavery men and the recent course of the Legislature fail to have the desired effect on them, we shall be greatly disappointed. A few emancipationists in each county should meet together forthwith and concert such measures as will best serve to bring their friends together. A meeting in each county, to be followed by a vigorous organization, for the purpose of bringing the strength of the emancipationists to bear on the elections for the Convention and Legislature next August, are now necessary. If our friends in the different counties will pursue this course, they will disprove the people of the error-slavery sentiment in the State. The pro-slavery men are striving to make it appear that there are but few persons in Kentucky favorable to relieving the State from the pressure and curse of African slavery, and that the subject of emancipation is not to be "agitated" this year. This is the very profound policy resolved on by the pro-slavery men, and they are chuckling over its fancied success. Rise, friends of emancipation, come forward all you who believe that the spirit of Christianity and the genius of true republicanism are opposed to slavery, and display your strength. You are called on by the highest motives that can appeal to human hearts to rise and make your views known. The times imperatively demand such action of you. Be men, true-hearted, free spoken men, and let your pro-slavery neighbors understand that they can neither frighten nor browbeat you into silence. Come up to the work that lies before you with all the earnestness and devotion of freemen who feel that a deep responsibility rests on their consciences. The peace of your own minds, the welfare of your children, the fame and prosperity of your State, all conspire to urge you to labor vigorously, perseveringly and efficiently in the glorious cause of emancipation. Success lies before you and humanity beckons you on, and can you be blind to the charms of the one and deaf to the voice of the other? Act, act with the firmness of Christians, of patriots, of freemen, of men, and victory will crown your efforts, and Heaven's smile will rest upon your souls.

In conclusion, we will state that we are aware that many of the members who voted for Mr. Doherty's wretched resolution, did not mean thereby to declare themselves to be in favor of perpetuating slavery. But by voting for it they have seemingly repudiated the opinions of the wisest and best men in this country as ever produced—the opinions of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Clay, and others—who are looked up to with reverence by men of all sections. We know that a majority of them profess to be opposed to perpetuating the curse of slavery, but the resolution they have voted for expresses entire opposition to emancipation. We have no doubt that many of them will live to repent this ill-timed act. It is a great blunder, and that, if Talleyrand is to be believed, is worse in politics, than a crime. We deeply regret that any thing so disgraceful has occurred. We have no doubt, however, it will have a good effect, for it will certainly raise the emancipationists, throughout the State, into an assertion of their opinions.

Public Opinion.

Kentucky has certainly fallen upon strange times. Some of her leading political parties have deliberately come to the conclusion that the most important question of the day shall not be discussed in their columns.

Our venerable legislators, in the exercise of their official wisdom have, with owl-like gravity, decided that "all plans of Emancipation are unwise and impracticable, and that agitation is impolitic and imprudent."

Such an expression, unanimously concurred in, from those who profess to be representatives of the people, of course must have some weight. How much weight it ought to have is another question, and one to which we wish now to give, if not an answer, at least some materials for an answer.

The members of the Legislature are chosen as representatives of the people. Do they truly represent the people of this Commonwealth? Are they representatives or mis-representatives? Let a few facts answer.

Among those who voted for the resolutions unanimously passed by the House of Representatives, are the members from Louisville. Did they in so voting reflect the sentiments of our city? Let the large, the overwhelming meeting at the Court-house answer. A more respectable meeting, whether character or numbers are considered, never was held in Louisville. It was a thoughtful and orderly meeting, pervaded by an intense enthusiasm. Every noble sentiment met with a response which indicated the deep and heart-felt attachment of our fellow-citizens to freedom.

Such is the testimony of the people themselves in behalf of Emancipation, a testimony clear, expressive and strong. So far from deeming agitation "impolitic and imprudent," agitation is the very thing desired. Discussion, full, free and thorough, they desire to have, and they mean to have.

From letters which come to us from various parts of the State, and from men whose characters and position give weight to their words, we have no doubt that the representatives of other sections have failed in representing the sentiments of their constituents, as signally as the representatives from Louisville.

But we have other facts to present. If the people of Kentucky are so utterly opposed to the discussion of the subject of Emancipation, why are not the newspapers silent? Say you that some of them, and influential papers, too, are silent? True, but it is very well known that fear of political effect, injury to their respective parties, seals their lips. Other papers there are which have thrown their columns fearlessly open to the discussion, and the number and spirit of the articles contributed, indicate anything rather than fear of agitation.

Let the Danville Tribune, the Georgetown Herald, the Shelby News, the Mayfield Eagle, testify whether their readers unanimously concur in the opinion that "agitation is imprudent and impolitic."

We might allude to other papers, but there are two, which from the honorable independence manifested upon the subject of Emancipation and the ability with which the subject is discussed, are entitled to especial respect and confidence. We refer to the Louisville Courier, and the West Kentuckyian, published at Paducah.

We find in the Courier of the 5th and 6th, the following articles which we commend to the careful consideration of our representatives:

Emancipation in Kentucky.

An idea has been started in Frankfort, by members of the Legislature, that Emancipation in Kentucky is dead. When it died, and where and by whom it was killed, are matters upon which we have been unable to get any information whatever. Yet these are interesting and essential points in veritable matters. We cannot assert the fact, but we have our fears, that the members of the Legislature have taken up for themselves the idea that adorned the diadem of the modest and graceful Louis the Fourteenth, of France—that they are the State, and that because they in their wisdom wish Emancipation to be killed—therefore, it is killed. But softly gentlemen—you know but little of the spirit and temper of the people of Kentucky, if you imagine you can thus repel the law of 1833 on the importation of slaves into the State. When that law is repealed, Kentucky will have retained a pre-eminence among the slave States of the Union—she can point to her laws then, and boast, if she has no shame, no sense of her wrong, that she is the only slave territory in the Union, where the slaveholder or trader has the freedom of the State. There is not a slave State in the Union that has not a law similar to the Kentucky law of 1833, and if we repeat it, Kentucky may take her station alongside of the noble commerce that adorns the Western coast of Africa; she will be one of the most mercantile of the States.

In the great debate in the Kentucky Senate on the South Carolina Railroad scheme, Mr. Guthrie took occasion to deprecate the attempt to make the slave frontier of the State a slave territory, but the slave power is now attempting not only to make her the frontier of the slave confederation, but the rampart of that power. And it is to be supposed that the people of Kentucky will tamely submit to such a state of things as this? Those who think so will awaken some day from a terrible delusion.

Emancipation is not dead in Kentucky, nor is it likely to die. Such principles as this never die, nor can they be killed. Nor do its enemies believe for a moment that it is dead. If they believed so, they would not fear to submit the question to the people themselves for a direct decision. We dare the enemies of Emancipation to put the question to the people of Kentucky, so that they may vote on that question alone. They know better than to trust themselves thus to the voice of the people. They prefer bragging, noise, confusion, and proclamation of the death of what they dare not meet in an open encounter. This is their wisdom, and, perhaps, their best policy.

We prefer, as Mr. Guthrie did, in his great speech, in answer to Robert Wickliffe, Esq., "Emancipation, to making Kentucky a frontier slave State, to fight the battles of the South. The spirit of renovation is alive and in vigor, and must go forward in its onward march. We are decidedly in favor of Emancipating Kentucky from the incubus that has weighed her down for many years, and from the awful dangers that threaten her more strongly now than they did when Mr. Guthrie so clearly and triumphantly pointed them out in the debate to which we have referred.

The New Constitution.

We should like to know what particular object those gentlemen, who are figuring so much against Emancipation, think the people of Kentucky had in voting in favor of the Convention. What great evil did the people feel pressing upon them to require the immense vote of 101,828 in favor of remodeling the Constitution. The Magistracy has never been felt as an oppression, the mode of appointing Sheriffs is not very disastrous to the people, nor have the Clergymen ever been felt as a social oppression. What great predominant evil was before the public mind, if it was not the principle of Emancipation? Scarcely a solitary friend of the perpetuation of slavery can be found among the 101,828 votes in favor of a Convention, and now a little knot of politicians in Frankfort have taken it into their heads to kill Emancipation by

still hunting. They forgot one most important point—that all representative governments there is a large mass of the people who are not wedded to either of the political parties made up of politicians mostly, and that in whatever way this mass goes, it carries decision in its hands. The political parties in Kentucky will find themselves at an awful discount, if they are not careful, upon this very question. Upon the great question of the perpetuation of slavery by a constitutional provision, or for gradual emancipation, there can be, and should be no mistake as to the sentiments of Kentucky. All attempts to hinder discussion, to choke off free inquiry, or to paralyze public sentiment, will recoil on the heads of those who make the attempt. The people of Kentucky know their rights, and will maintain them. We should feel ourselves unworthy of the name of Kentuckian if we held a sentiment that we were afraid to avow or maintain.

Let not the friends of slavery imagine for a moment that they can strangle discussion—the game is up, and will be pursued.

The West Kentuckyian thus speaks in regard to the course of "Virginia on the Wilnot Provision and Disunion."

"She begins with becoming solemnity: 'The movement (to dissolve the Union,) is one of the highest importance, and may involve the gravest consequences.'"

"That is just our opinion, it will involve the gravest consequences, the least of which will be the final loss of all her slaves. For now she can reclaim them, by law, when they escape into the bordering free States, and all the citizens of those States, except a few fanatics, feel bound by the Constitution to let them alone. But break up the Union and that Constitution, and the moment her slave sets his foot upon the soil of Ohio or Pennsylvania, he is irrevocably free. The slaves will learn this, and where a desire of liberty now impels hundreds to make their long and difficult way to Canada, it will then induce thousands to make the short and easy leap of her northern frontier. Besides, the people of those States, no longer restrained by what she is pleased to call the 'compact' between the States, would then yield to their natural impulse to invite her negroes to their liberty. And should that embroil her in a war with those Herculean powers, it might be set down as one of 'the gravest consequences,' which the present movement may involve, without any reference to an insidious and horrible domestic foe that it would probably excite to rise up, from her hearthstones, to stab and fire in the dark."

"This withered old grand-dame thus goes on to cut the ridiculous figure of a superannuated belle, who, unaided by her beauty and power goes, still thrusts herself forward to be deferred to and followed by her younger and fairer neighbors: 'The eyes of every slaveholding State are upon us. By common consent, our sister States look to Virginia to take the lead in the present momentous crisis.'"

"Yes, madam, the eyes of every slaveholding State are upon you; the eyes of Kentucky, at least, thank God, are upon you; and that is just the apology she has to offer for declining to follow your lead. Did she yet see that the end of the course which you have run, is a premature dotage and the loss of all the elements of your ancient supremacy, except your arrogance, possibly, she might not beg leave to take some other. It is because she perceives, in your downward progress and wretched imbecility, the fatal error of that principle for whose sake you call her to rebellion, that she seizes your summum."

The Convention at Frankfort.

The convention of the friends of slavery at Frankfort seems to have been a failure. As emancipation is dead, according to the members of the Legislature, where is the chivalry of the State that so few were found to perform the magnanimous operation of kicking the dead lion?

We shall publish the proceedings next week, not because they possess any intrinsic importance; but because they are a portion of the history of the times, and because they are the newest and aptest illustration we have seen of the fable of the mountain and the mouse.

Southern Sentiment.

A friend has furnished us with the following extract from the letter of a gentleman residing in North Alabama. It expresses forcibly and well, a sentiment prevailing to a great extent, in the slave States, and everywhere increasing. The writer is not a Northern man transplanted to the South, but a Southern man by birth, education, feeling and interest:

"We are very grateful for the newspapers you send us. I was particularly interested in the 'Examiner,' as it expresses my views fully, on the Slavery and Emancipation subject. Kentucky must certainly adopt some prospective emancipation laws, when the Convention meets, and Missouri will follow before long. The folly of the leading men in the South, who resist the restrictions of the Wilnot Provision, &c., is very apparent to me, for anything that would cause a separation of the North from the South would, I believe, destroy the prosperity of the latter forever. I am determined that my family shall not participate in the ruin."

Our readers will find in another column a "Plan of Emancipation" over the signature of J. T. Boyle. With the author of this plan the writer is well acquainted. He is a young man of great promise—earnest and thorough in his views—a native of Kentucky, and with the eye of a true patriot looks to the future interests and glory of his State. His father, the late Chief Justice Boyle, was one of Kentucky's eminent men; all who knew him loved him, and a purer patriot and better man never lived.

Madison, Walter, by Carl Frox.

This is a composition of a young German who has been but three or four months in our country. He left Berlin some time after the commencement of this city. The sound of his peaceful instrument was drowned in the clash of arms, and he has come to America to see of what he can be turned a moment from the clanking of dollars to the sound of the lyre. "Sonorous metal" of one kind drove him from Berlin—he hopes that another kind of "sonorous metal" will not prevent him from being heard in America. We congratulate the citizens of Louisville on having him among us. We hope that he may be induced to spend his life in our city. His whole soul is devoted to his art, and his residence among us will help to create a higher musical taste. We consider him a musical genius, and we believe that he will yet rank high among composers.

We have a great deal of musical talent in Louisville—why can we not have orchestras and musical societies? Some of our professors have labored nobly to elevate our taste in music. We are sure that they will gladly welcome a fellow laborer into the field.

The distinguished vocalist, Madame Abramowicz, will give a musical entertainment in the Apollo Rooms on Tuesday evening next—Madame A. is a favorite in our city, and we are confident that she will have a full house. She has just been giving a series of entertainments in Cincinnati, which were well attended by the refined portion of the citizens of that place.

Good.

The boy of a poor widow in New York, went to California in Stevenson's regiment. The church supported her. She refused any further aid, a few days ago, giving as the reason, the following letter and contents: "Dear Mother—Enclosed is a Draft for \$2,000; don't be sparing if, for I have plenty of the same sort left." The truth of this is attested by the church clergyman.

The Western Quarterly Review.

We have received the first number of this journal, the publication of which has been commenced in Cincinnati. It is a more miscellaneous character than usually belongs to reviews; but we believe this feature will not detract from the interest of the work. The Review will be devoted to the discussion of all the great questions that claim the attention of our age. The conductors do not lay claim to infallibility, and they are willing to have both sides heard on every question. This is to be a free journal.

We have been much interested in the article on our friend, W. D. Gallagher. The author of the article is one who stands high in Western Literature, and who will take still higher stand if his modesty does not prevent. After having given, in a most beautiful style, some account of Mr. Gallagher's life, and of the literary enterprises in which he has been engaged, the writer proceeds to quote some of the poems of Mr. G. The three distinctly marked periods of his poetical life, are pointed out; in the first of which the soul of the poet was looking at the Beautiful in the occurrences of life; in the second, the charms of External Nature claimed his love; in the third period, the soul of the poet has been filled with sympathy for Humanity, and his writings have assumed a loftier tone. We cannot refrain from quoting a poem whose chief excellence consists in the noble sentiments it expresses. It has little of the poetical imagery which appears in others of his poems. The poet seems to be too earnest to use any but the most direct language. An image might have diverted the mind from the lofty feelings with which the poet wished to inspire it. The poem is familiar to most of our readers; but we never read it without feeling ourselves nerved to encounter whatever may be before us. The feelings which the poet seeks to rouse are much needed at this time.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

On the page that is immortal,
We shall find the truth, my people,
And its might shall make you free!"

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
Whatever fate betide!
Long the boast that we are FREEMEN,
We have made and published wide.

He who has the Truth, and keeps it,
Keeps what is not to him beloved,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow-mortals wrong.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a Freeman—
He, at best, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
His high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Friend, this simple lay who readest,
Be not thou like unto them—
But to Truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises, stem.

Bold in speech, and bold in action,
Be forever—Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfils Life's mission best.

Election of U. S. Senator.

It will be seen by our telegraphic despatches that, as had been anticipated, the Hon. HENRY CLAY was yesterday elected U. S. Senator by the Kentucky Legislature, for six years from the 4th of March next. He received 92 votes, and Col. R. M. Johnson, who was proclaimed by the support of the Democrats, received 45 votes—the full strength of his party in the Legislature.

INCREASE OF GOLD AND ITS EFFECT ON VALUATION.

The Liverpool Journal says that the annual addition to the British stock of gold made by mines is about £12,000,000, of which Russia and South America contribute each £5,000,000. The Russian mines have been worked about twelve years, and have enlarged our stock of gold by £60,000,000, without having produced the least effect in price. The effect of the discovery of gold in California it thinks will be to close many of the South American works, and this may extend even to Russia, so that the average gold supply will be less than is generally supposed, and as the stock in existence is estimated at \$500,000,000, the addition of even £25,000,000 annually could not greatly interfere with its value.

The Boston Courier states that Mr. John Daggett, of that city, editor of the City Directory, has taken great pains to collect the numbers of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," commencing in 1733 and terminating in 1785, (twenty-five years). He is said to be the only person who has the whole series complete. The "Courier" gives very copious extracts from the Doctor's sayings, which are all in his peculiar vein of wisdom and waggonery. Cannot the whole series be published in one volume?

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF ARKANSAS has adjourned. It previously passed resolutions in honor of the memory of the late Mr. Serier, and voted to erect a monument to him. Gov. Drew has formally resigned, and the duties of the Executive will be discharged by the Hon. R. C. Byrd, President of the Senate, until the people can choose a Governor.

THE RAILROADS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, from Atlanta to the Tennessee river line, a distance probably of one hundred and twenty miles, is owned by the State, and cost not less than \$5,000,000. For most of this sum, Georgia sold her bonds. She has since reduced them to \$1,251,750. This is a fine showing in her financial condition. Owing to the expensiveness, private stockholders were not willing to construct the road, and for that reason the burthen was thrown upon the State, in anticipation of what has really proved to be the case, that this road would be the nucleus and rallying point of all the enterprise in Georgia, which is now accomplishing wonders for the public prosperity. The State is endorser on the bonds of certain railroad companies for about \$600,000. There is no danger of any default, by which provision will have to be made out of the public treasury, to protect the unblemished credit of the State.

FROM TEXAS.

Galveston dated the 23d ult. were received at New Orleans on the 26th. The Lavaca Advertiser states that General Worth and staff were to leave Lavaca on the 23d, for San Antonio, where, as we before stated, the headquarters of the division will be established. Major O'Brien is stationed as Quartermaster at Port Lavaca. The Advocate apprehends that a strong effort will be made at the next session of the Legislature to remove the Seat of Government to some other part of the State, probably to Huntsville.

GOOD ADVICE.

JOHN H. DODD, in his recent valedictory on retiring from the editorial chair, which he had filled for forty years, has the following:

"No man should be without a well conducted age unless he reads one; it is not upon equal footing with his fellow-man who enjoys such advantages, and is disregarding of his duty to his family, in not affording them an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of what is passing in the world, at the cheapest possible teaching. Show me a family without a newspaper, and I venture to say that there will be manifest in that family a want of amenity of manners and indications of ignorance, most strikingly in contrast with the neighbor who allows himself such a rational indulgence. Young men, especially, should read newspapers. If I were a boy, even of 12 years, I would read a newspaper weekly, though I had to work by torchlight to earn money enough to pay for it. The boy who reads well will learn to think and analyze, and if so, he will be almost sure to make a man of himself, beating vicious indulgences, which reading is calculated to beget a distaste for."

THE OFFICIALS OF THE NEW YORK CANALS, in the receipts on the New York canals during the past year as compared with those of 1847, are \$383,612 66. The greatest decrease is in the Erie canal, where the falling off is \$355,465 60, and the falling off on the Champlain canal is \$2,597 14. To offset these there is only an increase of \$57,718 08, which was mainly on the Chenango and Oswego works. The falling off of the canal trade at Buffalo is astonishing, being a decrease in the tolls of \$544,082 87, which is larger than the total deficiency on all the canals.

THE BILL BEFORE THE ARKANSAS LEGISLATURE, to change the name of Van Buren county to Cass county, has passed. So it seems that down in "Rackensack," a rose by any other name don't smell as sweet—Cin. Gaz.

Statistics of Massachusetts.

The Boston Traveler, in noticing the returns made to the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, says that they are quite defective, as no returns have been made by twenty-eight cities and towns, and from others the reports are very imperfect. The returns received show of births, 16,515; of marriages, 5,287; and deaths, 11,346. The greatest number of births reported in one month was in March, viz: 1,513; and the next highest in February, 1,481, and April, 1,432; the lowest number occurred in June, 1,092. The greatest number of marriages took place in November, 760; the next highest, in October, 553, and the lowest in July, 275, and August, 286. Of the 5,287 marriages, 67 men have been under 20 years of age, and 1,134 women; between 20 and 25 years of age, there have been married, 1,870 men, and 1,956 women; between 25 and 30, there were 1,415 men, and 673 women; between 30 and 35 years of age, 369 men, and 197 women. The greatest number of deaths has been caused by consumption, viz: 2,397; typhus fever has carried off the next highest number, viz: 1,202; and dysentery stands next, having carried off 1,674; pneumonia has caused the death of 432; and croup 265.

The average age of the persons who died during the past year was 51 years.

The average age of professional men was over 43; merchants 52; farmers 65½; public officers 40; mechanics 45; laborers 43½; seamen, 43½; parents 65; females 47½.

Of the deaths, 490 were unmarried males, at an average age of 35—married males 517, at an average age of 41½—married females 1,421, at an average of 34½—married females 1,522, at an average age of 43½—widowers 326, average age 74—widows 738, average age 72.

The Voice of North Carolina.

In the House of Commons of the State of North Carolina, on the 20th instant, when certain resolutions concerning the agitation of the slavery question were under consideration, the following resolution was moved, by way of amendment, by the Hon. Edward Stanley:

Resolved, That we believe the people of North Carolina, of all parties, are devotedly attached to the Union of the United States; that they regard it as a main pillar in the edifice of free independence; the support of tranquility at home, or peace abroad; of safety of property; and of that very liberty so highly prized; that they cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to the Union of the States; and that they will not consent to any measure which they believe it to be the duty of their public servants to discontinue, or which may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and "regard indignantly every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to divide the sections which now link together the various parts."

This resolution, we are happy to say, passed by yeas 36, nays 31.

PRESIDENTIAL POPULAR VOTE.

A classification of the popular vote as regards the slave and free States, including Delaware among the slave States, and not taking South Carolina into the calculation, would stand thus:

	Taylor.	Cass.
Fourteen slave States, 437,322	437,322	407,070
Fifteen free States, 2		

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Thackeray's Christmas Book.
Mr. Thackeray closes his Christmas Book, "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," a picture of human life in miniature, with the following poem, thus happily characterised by the London Examiner. "The Epilogue" is a Christmas Carol, in some degree, simply and sincerely written, and, as a very many current carols, every one will like to read it, and like the writer better after reading it. Whatever in other respects Mr. Thackeray may affect, or whatever character he may next assume, this is true, and is to be read with the unaffected admiration which truth exacts from everybody."

EPICLOGUE.

The play is done, the curtain drops,
Sits falling, to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor lingers,
And looks around to say farewell.
In an exhausted voice he asks,
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
As I pledge a hand to all young friends,
As I wish the merry Christmas time.
To life's wild scenes, you, too, have parts,
That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
That haunt in this miniature page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your years were not less keen,
Your hopes were vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more than men of boys;
With grizzled beard at forty-five
As erst at twelve in corduroy,
And if in time of sacred youth
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven, that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always with the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great may be a vulgar clown.
The brave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitiless down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be he who took and gave!
Why should you, who accept, be not mine?
Weeping at her darling's grave,
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the reaper or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crown his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His better, see, he'd not him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mad from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn in life's advance
Dear hopes, dear joys, dear friends, all killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled,
"Amen," whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may gladly glow,
Although the head with care be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Some wealth or want, or good or ill,
Some blessing and some curse, all sent,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misers or who wastes the prize?
Oh, love or conquer, as you can:
But if you fail, 't is your own fault,
Beauch, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young,
(Bear kindly with my humble song)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas Days.
The shepherd heard it over-head—
The joyful angels in the air,
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
Be peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, my voice, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas mirth.
As fits the holy Christmas birth.
Be this, good friends, your last farewell—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

Sketches of John Bunyan and Wm. Kiffin.

BY T. BAINSTON MACAULAY.

To the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge, but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior, John Bunyan. Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and had served as a private soldier in the Parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seem, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. His keen sensibility and his powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied that he was under sentence of reprobation, that he had committed blasphemy again: the Holy Ghost, that he had sold Christ, and that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes loud voices from Heaven cried out to warn him. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He saw visions of distant mountain tops, on which the sun shone brightly, but from which he was separated by a waste of snow. He felt the devil behind him pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared that he was about to burst asunder like Judas. His mental agony disordered his health. One day he shook like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fire within his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived sufferings so intense and so long continued. At length the clouds broke. From the depths of despair, the penitent passed to a state of serene felicity. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessings of which he was himself possessed. He joined the Baptists, and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. He had studied no great model of composition, with the exception, an important exception undoubtedly, of our noble translation of the Bible. His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet the native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstasy, amply supplied in him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the labored discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His words were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own lifetime, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during near a century, the delight of pious cottagers and artisans, before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence. At length critics condescended to inquire the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is indeed as decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is

the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love.

It may be doubted whether any English Dissenter had suffered more severely under the penal laws than John Bunyan. Of the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement. He still persisted in preaching; but, that he might preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was often introduced into meetings through the back doors, with a snuck frock on his back and a whip in his hand. If he had thought only of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the indulgence with delight. He was now, at length, free to pray and exhort in open day. His congregation rapidly increased; thousands hung upon his words; and at Bedford, where he originally resided, money was plentifully contributed to build a meeting house for him. His influence among the common people was such that the government would willingly have bestowed on him some municipal office; but his vigorous understanding and his stout English heart were proof against all delusion and all temptation. He felt assured that the proffered toleration was merely a bait to lure the Puritan party to destruction; nor would he, by accepting a place for which he was not legally qualified, recognise the validity of the dispensing power. One of the last acts of his virtuous life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of the government.

Great as was the authority of Bunyan with the Baptists, that of William Kiffin was still greater. Kiffin was the first man among them in wealth and station. He was in the habit of exercising his spiritual gifts at their meetings; but he did not live by preaching. He traded largely; his credit on the Exchange of London stood high; and he had accumulated an ample fortune. Perhaps no man could, at that conjuncture, have rendered more valuable services to the court. But between him and the court was interposed the remembrance of one terrible event. He was the grandfather of the two Howings, those gallant youths who, of the victims of the Bloody Assizes, had been the most generally lamented. For the sad fate of one of them James was in a peculiar manner responsible. Jeffreys had resented the younger brother. The poor lad's sister had been ushered by Churchill into the royal presence, and had begged for mercy; but the king's heart had been obdurate. The misery of the whole family had been great; but Kiffin was most to be pitied. He was seventy years old when he was left destitute, the survivor of those who should have survived him. The heartless and venal sycophants of Whitehall, judging by themselves, thought that the old man would be easily propitiated by an alderman's gown, and by some compensation in money for the property which his grandson had forfeited. Penn was employed in the work of seduction, but to no purpose. The king determined to try what effect his own civilities would produce. Kiffin was ordered to attend the palace. He found a brilliant circle of noblemen and gentlemen assembled. James immediately came to him, spoke to him very graciously, and concluded by saying, "I have put you down, Mr. Kiffin, for an alderman in London. The old man looked fixedly at the king, turned into tears, and answered "Sir, I am worn out; I am unfit to serve your majesty or the city. And, sir, the death of my poor boys broke my heart. That wound is as fresh as ever. I shall carry it to my grave." The king stood silent for a minute in some confusion, and then said, "Mr. Kiffin, I will find a balsam for that sore." Assuredly James did not mean to say any thing cruel or insolent to the contrary, he seems to have been in an unusually gentle mood. Yet no speech that is recorded of him gives so unfavorable a notion of his character as these few words. They are the words of a hard-hearted and low-minded man, unable to conceive any laceration of the affections for which a place or a pension would not be a full compensation.

There is nothing more palpable in this Book of Proverbs than the protest which it lifts against suretyship. I think that in comparing Scripture with Scripture this should be taken into account, when adjusting and regulating our practice by the directions of the New Testament in regard to giving. There is positively nothing which I should do with greater reluctance and aversion than to give my name as a surety—a distinct sort of giving from that of direct and immediate conveyance, and subject, I should hope, to different rules and different principles. Certain it is that to give away and be done with it, leaves one in a wholly different state from coming under an engagement to give on some uncertain contingency, the occurrence of which would lay upon us the burden of a responsibility that we would far rather discharge now than expose ourselves to the hazard of its being brought upon us afterwards. To do this is to open a door through which a crowd of anxieties and fears would enter in, and make my heart the prey of feelings insupportable. I am relieved to think that the sanctions of Scripture are so much at one with my own inclinations. Certain it is that from the moment of my becoming a cautioner, I should not be able to give sleep to my eyes, or slumber to my eyelids. Such are my tendencies.—Dr. Chalmers.

One mark of deep corruption is to be without natural affection. In Joseph we have a beautiful example of this virtue, and in this I desire to resemble him. I lie under defects herein which I should labor to remedy, and may the Giver of all grace enable me, in whatever things are lovely, and of good report, to think of these things. And with what humanity and feeling does he seek to comfort his brethren, and restore them from the confusion into which he had thrown them by the discovery of himself.—I am miserably apt to be precipitated into such expressions as hurt the sensibilities of others. It is true that, in general, I am immediately followed by compunction, and a desire to repair the severity; but how infinitely better to put a guard on my lips, and maintain such a tenderness for the feelings of other men as shall prevent, rather than redress, the violence which I may have done them.—Dr. Chalmers.

Love is a fountain from which flows two streams, one the pure and limpid waters of happiness, the other the dark and turbid waters of misery; at the end of the latter is the whirlpool of despair; upon these streams mortals direct their destiny. Mariners on these streams, see upon which of them you are directing your bark, lest it should be engulfed in the fearful whirlpool of despair.

The History of Human Error.

At length, one evening, my father, with some modest hums and ha's, and an unaffected glow on his fair forehead, gratified a prayer frequently urged on him, and read me some portions of the great Work. I cannot express the feelings this lecture created—they were something akin to awe.—For the design of this book was so immense—and towards its execution, a learning so vast and various had administered—that it seemed to me as if a spirit had opened to me a new world, but which my own human blindness had hitherto concealed from me. The unspeakable patience with which all these materials had been collected year after year, the ease with which now, by the calm power of genius, they seemed of themselves to fall into harmony and system—the unconscious humility with which the scholar exposed the stores of a laborious life; all combined to rebuke my own restlessness and ambition, while they filled me with a pride in my father, which saved my wounded egotism from a pang. Here, indeed, was one of those books which embrace an existence; like the Dictionary of Bayle, or the History of Gibbon, or the Fasti Hellenici of Clinton—it was a book to which thousands of books had contributed, only to make the originality of the single mind more bold and clear. Into the furnace all vessels of gold, of all ages, had been cast, but from the mould came the new coin, with its single stamp. And happily the subject of the work did not forbid to the writer the indulgence of his native, peculiar irony of humor—so quiet, yet so profound. My father's book was the "History of Human Error."

It was, therefore, the moral history of mankind, told with truth and earnestness, yet with an arch unmalicious smile. Sometimes, indeed, the smile drew tears. But in all true humor lies its germ, pathos. Oh! by the goddess Mota or Folly, but he was at home in his theme! He viewed man first in the savage state, preferring in this the positive accounts of voyagers and travelers, to the vague myths of antiquity, and the dreams of speculation on our pristine state. From Australia and Abyssinia, he drew pictures of mortally unadorned, and as if he had lived amongst Bushmen and savages all his life. Then he crossed over the Atlantic, and brought before you the American Indian, with his noble nature, struggling into the dawn of civilization, when friend Penn cheated him out of his birthright, and the Anglo-Saxon drove him into darkness. He showed both analogy and contrast between this specimen of our kind and others equally apart from the extremes of the savage state and the cultured. The Arab in his tent, the Teuton in his forest, the Greenlander in his boat, the Fin in his reindeer car. Up sprang rude gods of the north, and the re-enslaved Druidism, passing from its earliest templeless belief into the later corruption of crannell and idol. Up sprang, by their side, the Saturn of the Phœnicians, the mystic Budd of India, the elementary deities of the Pelasgians, the Naith and Serapis of Egypt, the winged genii of the graceful Etruria. How nature and life shaped the religion; how the religion shaped the manners; how, by what influences, some tribes were formed for progress; how others were destined to remain stationary, or be swallowed up in war and slavery by their brethren, was told with a precision clear and strong as the voice of Fate. Not only an antiquarian and philologist, but an anatomist and philosopher—my father brought to bear on all these grave points, various speculations involved in the distinctions of race. He showed how close in perfection is produced, to a certain point, by admixture; how all mixed races have been the most intelligent—how, in proportion as local circumstance and religious faith permitted the early fusion of differing tribes, races improved and quickened into the refinements of civilization. He tracked the progress and dispersion of the Hellenes, from their mythical cradle in Thessaly; and showed how those who settled near the sea-shores, and were compelled into commerce and intercourse with strangers, gave to Greece her marvellous accomplishments in arts and letters—the flowers of the ancient world. How others, like the Spartans, dwelling evermore in a camp, on guard against their neighbors, and rigidly preserving their Dorian purity of extraction, contributed neither artists, nor poets, nor philosophers, to the golden treasure-house of mind. He took the old race of the Celts, Cimry, or Cimmerians. He compared the Celt who, as in Wales, the Scottish Highlands, in Bretagne, and in uncomprehended Ireland, retains his old characteristics and purity of blood, with the Celt whose blood, mixed by a thousand channels, dictates from Paris the manners and revolutions of the world. He compared the Norman in his ancient Scandinavian home, with that wonder of intelligence and chivalry which he became, fused imperceptibly with the Frank, the Goth, and the Anglo-Saxon. He compared the Saxon, stationary in the land of Horsa, with the colonist and civilizer of the globe, as he becomes when he knows not through what channels—French, Flemish, Welsh, Danish, Scotch and Irish—he draws his sanguine blood. And from all these speculations, to which I do such hurried and scanty justice, he drew the blessed truth, that draws hope to the land of the Caffre, the hut of the Bushman—that there is nothing in the flattened skull and the ebony aspect that rejects God's law, improvement, that by the same principle which raises the dog, the lowest of the animals in its savage state to the highest after many vicissitudes of race—you can elevate into nations of majesty and power the outcasts of humanity, now your compassion or your scorn. But when my father got into the marrow of his theme—when, quitting these preliminary discussions, he fell pounce amongst the would-be wisdom of the wise; when he dealt with civilization itself, its schools, and porticos, and academies; when he bared the absurdities couched beneath the colleges of the Egyptians, and the Synopsia of the Greeks; when he showed that even in their own favorite pursuit of metaphysics, the Greeks were children; and in their own more practical region of politics, the Romans were visionaries and bunglers; when, following the stream of error through the middle ages, he quoted the puerilities of Agrippa, the credulities of Cardan; when, passing, with his calm smile, into the salons of the chattering wits of Paris in the eighteenth century, oh, then his irony gentle spirit of Erasmus, sweetened by here was my father's satire of the cheerless and Mephistophelian school. From this record of error he drew forth the grand era of truth. He showed how earnest men never think in vain, though their thoughts may be erroneous. He proved how, in vast cycles, age after age, the human mind marches on—like ocean, receding here, but there advancing. How from the specula-

tions of the Greek sprang all true philosophy; how from the institutions of the Roman rose all durable systems of government; how from the robust follies of the North came the glory of chivalry, and the modern delicacies of honor, and the sweet harmonising influences of woman. He tracked the ancestry of our Sidesney and Bayards from the Hengists, Genesives, and Attilas. Full of all curious and quaint anecdote—of original illustration—of those niceties of learning which sprang from a taste cultivated to the last exquisite polish—the book amused, and allured, and charmed; and erudition lost its pedantry now in the simplicity of Montaigne, now in the penetration of La Bruyere. He lived in each time of which he wrote, and the time lived again in him. Ah, what a writer of romances he would have been, if—if what? If he had had as sad an experience of men's passions, as he had the happy intuition into their humors. But he who would see the mirror of the shore, must look where it is cast—on the river, not the ocean. The narrow stream reflects the garbled truth, and the pausing herd, and the village spire, and the romance of the landscape. But the sea reflects only the vast outline of the headland, and the lights of the eternal heaven.—The Caztons.

Reps Mounted by Spirits.

November 29th.—Waked about seven o'clock this morning with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by and by, increased; and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so a great while, until that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out, and then re-moving of stools and chairs, and plainly, by and by, going up and down stairs. We lay, both of us, afraid; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what the people did, whom we thought either killed or afraid, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slipped safely to the other side of the bed over my wife, and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches; and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw no one there. Then, with fear I confess, went to the maid's chamber door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber door, where all was well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook maid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane came, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, "Yes," but was afraid, but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimneys that goes from Sir's went, and their chimneys have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures, how people may be surprised, and the more from an accident last night, that our young glib-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom at two leaps, and frightened us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted.—Diary of Samuel Pepys.

The Queen of England.

She seemed to us much plainer in every respect, than any picture of her we had seen. Her complexion is far from clear, her figure diminutive, her dress devoid of taste. Doubtless the circumstance of her being in mourning, detracted a good deal from the elegance of her appearance. She was dressed entirely in black, without even the relief of a white collar, a style particularly ill-suited to her figure and complexion. The Prince looks like a substantial German Baron, not ill-favored, but quite behind the notion one gets of him from his portrait. If the Queen had married him for the strength of the impression made by one of those flattering semblances, she must have been sadly disappointed; but she was happily preserved from any danger of so fatal a mistake, by an early acquaintance with the Prince, her cousin, who studied under her under the same masters for two or three years. They are said to be truly happy in their domestic relations; and the English have deep respect for the private character of their monarch. They consider her a model wife and mother. She is extremely systematic, and makes a point of superintending personally all the arrangements for the comfort and improvement of her children, reading all the books which are provided for their use, and acquainting herself with the character of those who have charge of them. We were amused to hear that the Queen of England does not like literary people, that she excludes them, as far as possible, from the court; and, in fact, considers having produced a book as equivalent to a loss of caste. A person who had by dint of great science and ingenuity perfected a plan, by means of which the public interest was essentially benefited, embodied the result of his studies in a book, highly esteemed by the critics and the public. It was proposed by a certain lady at court, to present this gentleman, on the strength of this merit; but the Queen absolutely declined receiving him, because of his literary character. Some one suggested that he had served with honor in the army, upon which ground her Majesty consented to receive him. But the gentleman very properly declined appearing at court upon these terms; so that her Majesty was, after all, the only person presented in the affair. Somebody says, there is hardly a magistrate that does not commit himself twice as often as he commits any one else. But the Queen is only proving her legitimacy; for who ever heard of one of her family as a patron or even an admirer of literature?—Mrs. Kirkland.

Sanctity of Death to the Living.

Yet in death itself there is a something fitted to draw out our more serious regards to the bereaved family—and even for the memory of him who has undergone this mysterious transition. Let us not reserve this feeling till the period when the event has happened, but anticipate the event and honor all men—holding them in a sort of awful reverence as subjects of the same mighty and unknown changes to which ourselves and all humanity are liable.—Dr. Chalmers.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I have, therefore, counselled my friends never to trust to the fair side; but so to place all things she gave them, that she may take them again without trouble.—Ben Jonson.

A beggar suddenly rich, generally becomes a prodigal; he puts on riot and excess to obscure his former obscurity.—Ben Jonson.

Deborah's Song of Victory.

This is a truly sublime ode, and its effect is greatly enhanced by the rude and distant antiquity whence its utterance is poured forth upon us. It is interesting to mark the primitive tendencies to song in the different ages of the world—proving how poetry and music are bound up, as it were, with the first elements of the human constitution.—The instance before us is one of the most powerful and picturesque that has come down to us from any of the older periods of the world. The invocation to God is truly magnificent; and the representation of the state of Israel, one of the most graphic that can well be imagined, when the Philistines lorded it over the country, and the people had to take shelter in hiding-places. "The mother in Israel" sets before us a most venerable and impressive figure. The blessing ascribed to God because of the people's willingness, is an homage to His ascendancy over the hearts of men. He made them willing in the day of His power. O, God, make me willing for every service Thou mightest be pleased in Thy providence to assign for me. It marks the simplicity of these ages, when the dignities of the land rode on white asses; and how exquisite are the descriptive touches, as that of the archers taking aim at the people when congregated at the wells. The rapid sketch of Israel by its tribes is highly poetical, and the pen of the ready writer has descended to us from one of the notabilia of this song; and so has the utterance that characterises those who came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. On the other hand we are revolted by it, as a trace of the barbarism of these earlier times, when, in the recital of what took place, highly poetical though it be, we read the eulogy of Jael.—But there is nothing in Ossian to equal the description of Sisera's mother looking forth with her ladies through the lattice, and waiting the return of their victorious lord. We may here note the licentiousness of war. "Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming?" ranks also among the notabilia of scripture. And what a mighty imagination is that of the stars in their courses fighting against Sisera. We may pass two reflections on this chapter—first, how much of the memorable and great, both as acted in reality and set forth in history, may take place on a theatre of small material extent. Both Judea and Greece, and I should say Rome, when limited and surrounded by little States, give examples of this. Second, what attractions of eloquence, and beauty, and grandeur, are mixed up with religion, as exhibited in that Book which is the record of its doctrines, and also of the doings that took place in the world, viewed in the peculiar light of its being God's world.—Dr. Chalmers.

The Legend of Mercurius—Julian the Apostate.

Julian the Apostate, who figures in sacred romances, not merely as a tyrant and persecutor, but as a terrible and potent necromancer, who had sold himself to the Devil, had put his officer Mercurius to death, because of his adherence to the Christian faith. The story then relates that when Julian led his army against the Persians, and on the eve of the battle in which he perished, St. Basil the Great was favored by a miraculous vision. He beheld a woman of resplendent beauty, seated on a throne, and around her a great multitude of angels; and she commanded one of them, saying, "Go forthwith, and awaken Mercurius, who sleeps in the sepulchre, that he may slay Julian the Apostate, that proud blasphemer against me and my son!" And when Basil awoke, he went to the tomb in which Mercurius had been laid not long before, with his armor and weapons by his side; and, to his great astonishment, he found neither the body nor the weapons. But on returning to the place the next day, and again looking into the tomb, he found there the body of Mercurius, lying as before; but the lance was stained with blood. "For on the day of battle, when the wicked Emperor was at the head of his army, an unknown warrior, bareheaded, and of a pale and ghastly countenance, was seen mounted on a white charger, which he spurred forward, and brandishing his lance, he pierced Julian through the body, and then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. And Julian being carried to his tent, he took a handful of the blood which flowed from his wound, and flung it into the air, exclaiming with his last breath, 'Thou hast conquered, Galilee! thou hast conquered!' Then the demons received his parting spirit. But Mercurius, having performed the behest of the blessed Virgin, re-entered his tomb, and laid himself down to sleep till the Day of Judgment."—Mrs. Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art.

To Amelia.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I too would kneel before thy shrine,
Young minstrel of the Eden lyre,
For oh to me each word of thine
Seems radiant with a soul of fire.

I love to watch thy fancy's wing
Upon the breath of beauty rise,
And, bathed in glory's sunbeams, spring
To hail the poet's Paradise.

My heart is bowed, in silence bowed,
Before thy spirit's burning gleams,
As on my view in glory glow
The visions of thy sun-bright dreams.

Fall off, as passion wakes thy lyre,
Till every thought is touched with fire,
And heart and pulse in wildness beat.

All nature seems more beautiful,
As pictured to thy song—her bowers
With gentle sounds the spirit fill,
And winds gulligher o'er the flowers.

The spirit of the evening fills
The shutting rose with softer dew,
A brighter green is on the hills,
And on the waves a deeper blue.

With lovelier hues at twilight hour
The banner of the sunset gleams,
And gentle bird and gentle flower
Sink softer to their blessed dreams.

The rainbow o'er the evening sky
With brighter, lovelier arch is thrown,
And the lone sea-shell's mournful sigh
Is swelling in a wilder tone.

The music voice of childhood flows
More rapturously upon the air,
And with a heavenly fervor glows
The eloquence of praise and prayer.

The lost ones that we loved so well
Come back to our dearer bowers,
Upon the breeze their voices swell,
And their dear hands are clasped in ours.

O'er the still bosom of the stream
The stars in holier beauty glow,
And come with calmer, sweeter gleams,
Reflected from the depths below.

It seems as if those stars had shed
Their glories on thy heart and brain,
And as those eagle-souls had read
The mysteries of their shining train.

Thy genius wanders wild and free
Mid all things beautiful and blest,
For thy young heart is like the sea
That wears heaven's picture on its breast.

And as thy muse her soul of fire
In high and glorious song is breathing,
Thy hand around thy country's lyre
A deathless coronal is wreathing.

Errors of the Press.

The following *jeu d'esprit* from the pen of Theodore Hook, is revived from the pages of the John Bull newspaper, among other clever things, in the "Life and Remains" of the great wit, immediately forthcoming.—Lit. World.

Sir.—We hear a great deal of the licentiousness of the press, and I am not disposed to say that there may not be some good grounds for the complaint; but I beg to assert that, to my own knowledge, much is charged to the account of the licentiousness, which is, in truth, only attributable to the errors of the press; and I have had the mortification to see articles of the most innocent information, from my own pen, conveyed to the public with all the color of libels, by the mere mistake of a single letter.

For instance, I had occasion to report that a certain noble lord was confined to his house with a violent cold; next morning, I found that this innocuous piece of intelligence was metamorphosed into a direct insult on the peace of a noble family, by representing his lordship as being "confined with a violent cold." In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment given by a noble leader of fashion, I had said, very truly, that, amidst the festivities, the first point of attraction and admiration were her ladyship's looks; this deserved compliment was changed by the printer into a satire on the whole company, as if the chief point of attraction had been her ladyship's looks. In a description of a regatta at Cowes, I was made to represent a lady of fashion as having formed a hasty and ill-assorted match "with a boy," when, in fact, I had only said that the Lady Louisa had, indeed, broken adrift, but had, luckily before any mischief was done, been made fast to a buoy.

When I reported that Lord A. had entertained Colonel B., Major C., the Hon. Mr. D., and a few other fashionable friends at dinner, I little expected to find these gentlemen represented as a company of "fashionable fiends." At the particular request of an eminent coachmaker, I mentioned that a noble person, well known for his good taste in equipages, and who happens to have a large and fine family, had launched a new green cab; but judge of my horror at seeing it stated, that "his lordship had, this season, brought out another green cab." And I have lately had the mortification of being the involuntary cause of what is called a hoax upon the public: having announced that Lord K. had made a bet that he would "trot a mile" on the Harrow road in three minutes, an immense crowd assembled, and was ready to proceed to outrage because his lordship did not "trot a mile," as the printer's error had led them to expect.

Of a more serious kind are the injuries done to private individuals, which no one doubts, however trifling, the innocent cause of them. I was once employed to recommend to public attention the astonishing talents and performances of that musical wonder "The Infant Lyra." I did my best; but the printer gave the whole a most unhappy and malicious appearance by making me, by the transposition of a letter, attribute all these prodigies to the "Infant Lyar." On a late occasion, one of the papers talked of the general satisfaction given by the royal lump. This looked like a brutal allusion to the temporary illness of an illustrious duke. The truth was, Mr. Editor, that I myself penned that paragraph for an ingenious artist in Bond street, in order to recommend an improved kind of argand, which he denominated the "Royal Lump;" and I never can sufficiently regret the injustice done to the gallant General Saldanha, who, in an account of his conduct at Oporto, which I drew up under his own eye, was stated to have "behaved like a hero;" but when it came to be printed, it unhappily appeared as if the General had "behaved like a hare."

When I wrote of the "Horticultural fete," it was altered into the "Horticultural fate," as if there was a destiny affecting all the entertainments of that society. When the late Mr. Canning offered Lord F. the office of "Secretary of State," the public were led, by a mere transposition of the letters, to believe that a new office was to be instituted under the title of "Secretary of Taste;" and what gave the more effect to this mistake was the noble lord's admitted fitness for the latter office. I once ventured to bear my humble testimony to the assiduous attendance of a certain reverend dean on the "Minster," but had the mortification to find myself insinuating blame against the worthy divine, for his assiduous attendance on the Minister; and what was still worse, having to communicate the deserved elevation of "Doctor Jebb" to an Irish mitre, I was made to announce that "Doctor Jobb" was to be the new Irish bishop. I remember reporting the case of a poor French lady, who appeared at Bow street with her pug-dog in her arms; but the printer most ungenerally stated the fair stranger to have appeared "with a pig in her arms;" and on the next day of her attendance, a vast crowd had assembled to look at this extraordinary pet, and the poor French woman narrowly escaped being pelted for disappointing their expectations. In something the same way, a respectable tradesman in Oxford street, has had his shop-windows broken, to the loss of near ten pounds, because, having invited the public to inspect his extensive assortment of a fine manufacture called "lino's," the printer chose to invite the public to inspect a large assortment of the finest lions.

I am, sir, a warm friend of His Majesty's Government, (for the time being,) and cannot but deeply feel that even my political views are sometimes distorted. Amongst the benefits to be expected from recent measures in Ireland, I had enumerated the "increase of tillage;" this was changed into increase of "pillage," and copied into all the ultra Tory papers; and when I said that these same measures of conciliation would induce every loyal and well-disposed subject to unite in "quieting Ireland," it was perverted into a sneer, as if all loyal and well-disposed subjects should unite in "quieting Ireland."

Pray, sir, do me the justice to lay this explanatory letter before the public; above all, let it be correctly printed. I am, sir, your humble servant, A COURT REPORTER.

We very often suffer in a similar manner. About two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of "fiends" in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting "peasants;" and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a "surgeon" was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at 6d and 10d per lb.

What a deal of cold business doth a man spend the better part of his life in! scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.—Ben Jonson.

Wisdom without honesty, is mere craft and cozenage. A good life is a main argument.—Ben Jonson.

The weekly, or almost daily exercise of Campbell's playful wit, was a source of much amusement to his friends, among whom, as they assembled round the stove, in the logic class in the morning, the question was, "What has Tom Campbell been saying?" Another would point some new inscription on the white-washed wall, an inscription which had just been committed in pencil. The next minute a ring was formed round it, and the wit and wit, passing from lip to lip, presently threw the class into a roar of laughter. This, however, as Campbell asserted, was only a *manœuvre* to exchange wit for warmth, and get a place near the stove, being delicate, and short of stature for his years, he could never penetrate the circle of stout, rollicking Irish students, who generally mustered round the hearth, unless by "drafting the fire-worshippers," whom he had found inseparable to everything good. One cold December morning, it was the "Libel" which was the subject of the "opposite wall." Just rushed the Irish students, leaving "ample room and very enough" about the stove, and read the "libel." It began—in allusion to a passage which they had just read in the class—

"Yes, Hibernia, collectis
Summum Bonum in-potatoes!" &c. &c.

The libel was acknowledged with a heavy laugh, and procured for the author a place near the stove.—*Memoirs of T. Campbell.*

No man is so foolish but he may give good counsel sometimes, and no man so wise but he may easily err if he take no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself had a fool for his master.—Ben Jonson.

The following capital story is told of an Alabama sheriff and a pretty widow:

"Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the sheriff himself. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of the visitor had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tint of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rosebuds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, her eyes were like the quivers of cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembled arrows that only wanted a fine bow (and the pun) to do full execution. After a few common place remarks—

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow. With downcast eyes, whose glances were centred upon her beautiful face, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor, she, with equal candor, replied: